

# THE CANON'S WARD

OR A TALE OF MONEY MADNESS.

By JAMES PAVN.

CHAPTER XIX. 16

Continued.

"And you will be sure not to tell him what I have told you, sir," whispered the young man, as he leant over him.

The effect of his son's presence on the canon was something marvelous. His brightness and his tenderness worked upon him for good, as the sunshine and the rains feed the drooping flower. A sort of Indian summer seemed to have set in with him; and but for his old friend's illness I think he would have been as happy as he ever was in his life, though not quite in the old fashion.

"You may tell your Alma Robert," said Aunt Maria, "that her dutiful advice to you has saved your father's life." She knew that way of putting it would please him better than if she had praised his own unselfishness in coming to England. "If you were not here he would hardly stand these distressing visits to dear Mr. Mavors."

And, indeed, the spectacle of his old friend and contemporary gradually losing his hold upon life gave him unspeakable pain. There was nothing, of course, so haunting as a man's decease; no taunting tears or distrust of the All-wise and All-merciful. Indeed, it would have been curious to those acquainted with the turn of thought prevailing among men of their stamp at Cambridge, that between these two men—both being clergymen—the subjects so commonly dwelt upon under such circumstances were rarely alluded to. They spoke of old times with which they were conversant, rather than of the unknowable; of their lifelong friendship, rather than of their reunion hereafter; of their common friends, alive or dead. Once, however, a remark made by the dying man, suggested the inquiry from his companion, "You are at peace, I trust, Mavors, with all men?"

"With all that are worthy of the name of man," was the stern and unexpected reply. Then, as if regretting his harshness, the tutor added, with a smile, "There is not much malice and hatred in my heart, Aldred, I do assure you—nothing, I trust, to be repented of in that way; a little envy of yourself, my friend, that's all."

"How so?"

"Because you have great possessions—a son, a wife."

"Nay, my poor wife is dead," said the canon, soothingly, as one speaks to a sick man whose mind has gone astray a little.

"Yes, but you have the memory of her. Believe me, my friend, it is well to have such memories to dwell upon."

The canon had no prescience that he had beheld his friend for the last time when he walked home one afternoon with thoughtful step that grew unconsciously more free and buoyant as he neared the little home which held his new-found treasure.

On his study table, however, was a letter, the contents of which, for a moment, put even Robert out of his mind. It was in his ward's handwriting, which in itself argued nothing strange (for she had never ceased to correspond with him in a suppressed, mechanical fashion); it had not, as usual, been sent out to him from the Lavorel, but was directed to his present address. It must have come to Sophy's knowledge, therefore, that he had removed to Providence Terrace. Though this was a piece of information that might have oozed out any day, he opened the envelope with a little apprehension that she might have gleaned still further knowledge and that the first sentence convinced him that it was so.

"Kindest and best of friends, whom I have robbed and grieved—dear guardian, whose care and love I have repaid by falsehood and ingratitude—pity if you cannot pardon me. If I came to you in person (which I dare not do, for the sight of your dear face would kill me), and my life, otherwise worthless; is necessary to my child—I say, if I came into your presence and groveled at your feet with tears and prayers, I could not, believe me, feel a greater abasement than I do, as I sit here and write these shameful words.

"Until recently, though fully conscious of my base behavior to you in other respects, I was not aware of the ruin I had brought upon you. I thought that I had only lied and deceit to reproach myself with—transgressions that have brought their own punishment upon me, and concerning which I thought, therefore, that I had some sort of right—as if such a wretch as I had rights at all!—to be silent. But now I know what an irreparable injury I have done to you and yours, it seems to me that no sufferings in this world can be inflicted on me commensurate with my offenses. That I was but an unconscious instrument in the hands of another is no excuse for me, for, but for my own misdoings, I should never have fallen into his hands. The history of them you will find inclosed (there was a paper in the envelope containing a short narrative of her first marriage, and the causes which had, as she thought, compelled her to make the second); and when you have read it, after the first sharp pain of anger and regret is over, one source of sorrow will be dry forever. This is one of the reasons why I have written to you, notwithstanding that it has been enjoined upon me not to do so. As you, in your great kindness and consideration for my feelings, would have hidden from me the real cause of your ruin, so it was judged by those who knew of my ill-behavior under your roof, that it was best to spare you that knowledge; but my hope is that, though you may still pity me (as we pity the worst of criminals), it will be henceforth impossible for you to feel pain upon

my account. I cannot ask you to forget me, because every hour must bring to you some bitter reminder of the wrong I have done you; but think of me as dead, as having died years ago, when your Robert was my playfellow. Alas! what evil may I not have done to him also—sundered him, perhaps, from his promised bride; destroyed his prospects! It is terrible to think that not only here at home am I justly condemned and despised, but that across the ocean, thousands of miles away, my name must needs be held in abhorrence. Oh, if I could be once again as I was when Robert left you! There is nothing, alas! the same with me now; even my love for you, though it will cease but with my latest breath, is something different. I feel unworthy to entertain it. It seems blasphemous to take your name within my lips even in my prayers.

"You will wonder perhaps when you have read the record of my life that such a one as I should dare to pray. But then, dear guardian, there is little Willie; when I sit by her bedside with her thin, small hand in mine, I still seem to have some link with Heaven. It is scarcely credible, considering her tender years, but there is nothing her mother can teach which my little darling cannot understand. I say it is scarcely credible, but she has been made aware that she has been the pretext for her godfather's ruin. She clings to her fragile life, and believes that she will live to put things right. She has questioned me a hundred times, and when I come of age, she says (which she will never live to do, and if she did, it would be too late), 'I will pay all their money back to godpapa and Aunt Maria.' When Dr. Newton came to see her, her chief anxiety was to learn whether she would live to be twenty-one. I suppose the good doctor thought the dear child's mind was wandering, but it was as bright and clear as it is pure. We have no secrets from one another, Willie and I. I have told you one of the reasons for my writing to you, but the chief is after all a selfish one—to bespeak, should anything happen to me, your sympathies for my innocent child. I know you will never visit upon her even in your thoughts the sins of her parent, but I beseech you to try to love her for her own sake; she is as worthy of your love as her mother has proved herself unworthy. What higher eulogium, alas! can I pass upon her? Henry will take care of her, I know, if permitted to do so. But the law—there is no one, alas! who has better cause to know it than yourself—is hard and cruel. Dear guardian, I would rather see Willie dead at my feet than trust her to the hands in which the law would place her. I will say no more upon this matter, for 'that way madness lies,' only if anything should happen which should sink me still lower in your disesteem, do not judge me too hastily. I am in such straits as you cannot guess.

"You will show to Aunt Maria what I have written; I do not ask you to plead with her for me. I trust to that tender heart of hers, whose trust I have so shamefully abused, for charity and pardon.

"Your Loving and Penitent Ward."

CHAPTER XX.

The Last Interview.

For weeks, of late, Adair had been scarcely ever at home. He breakfasted early by himself, and left the house only to return to it after his inmates had retired to rest. Sometimes he sent a telegram from his office: "Shall bring a friend this evening who will dine alone with me." Upon the first occasion Sophy had understood this to mean that, though her husband did not wish to see her at table, he meant her to welcome their guest in the drawing room. An unpleasant task enough, but one which, however, she did not shrink from; not from any notion of pleasing her husband—for such an illusion had long vanished—nor from any sense of duty, nor even from fear of him, but from a mere mechanical impulse on which she now always acted except in matters which concerned her child.

One morning, instead of leaving home as usual, directly he had swallowed his early meal, Adair sent for Sophy to the breakfast room. She had not seen him for some days, and even to her eyes (in which there was no wifely interest) the change in him was very remarkable. His face was thinner and more haggard than she had ever seen it; it looked pale and anxious, but with a certain determined ferocity about it like that of some hunted wolf that listens for the cry of the hounds. He had a telegram in his hand which he had just received, and which he was turning and twisting nervously. He glanced up at her white, steadfast face as she entered the room, and then walked to the window, keeping his back to her.

"How is the child?" he said, in hoarse, quick tones.

"Better; I trust certainly better, though she gains strength very slowly."

"That's well," he said, with a unmistakable sigh of relief; "we must leave home to-day."

"Leave home! You have surely not the doctor's sanction for that?"

"I have," he answered, positively; "and if I had not, still we must leave home. Please to give me your best attention, madam, instead of asking questions or making objections. Something has gone wrong in the city; it is useless to attempt to explain it—women know nothing of such things—but it has become necessary for me to go abroad until the thing has blown over. You need not fear for the child, for she will travel with the utmost comfort. Here is some money." He thrust his hand into his breast pocket, and pulling

out a green leaf of bank notes, threw one of them toward her without looking at it. "You may take an invalid carriage for her, if you please, but you will go by the 2 o'clock train to Gravesend, and wait at the Green Dragon Hotel for my arrival. Jeannette will, of course, accompany you. Do you understand?"

She did not reply, and he wheeled round and confronted her impatiently. His brow was knit, his features were working convulsively; he looked anxious, yet furious, like a gambler who is watching his last stroke.

John Adair had never been good looking, but it was curious how every trace of youth and culture had by this time gone out of him, leaving only the desperado.

"Do you understand me, madam?" he repeated.

"Yes," she answered firmly, "I understand you very well."

There was no satire in her tone, but the simple truth she spoke had a far worse sting than any satire.

"Then you know that I will be obeyed. You and Jeannette can pack up all that is necessary in a couple of hours, I suppose. In order that there shall be no excuse, however, you shall have four."

"It shall be as you please."

This submission was too prompt, too easy, and it excited his suspicions; his mind was like a sentinel who has outwitted his watch and lost his nerve. Every sound suggested an alarm, and even the absence of sound. He thought that she was only promising to obey him to gain time.

"Mind you," he said, in a menacing voice, "I shall be here myself to see that all is ready. In the meantime, I will order the invalid carriage for the two o'clock train. Though I shall not accompany you, I shall be sure to be at the Green Dragon. You may not see me, perhaps, to-night, for I shall arrive late by water. You need say nothing of that to anybody, but I wish to repose confidence in you."

Across Sophy's face flitted the distorted shadow of a smile. He noticed it and frowned heavily.

"We are man and wife," he said, "and must sink or swim together. Things have gone badly here, but they will go better elsewhere. We must roost elsewhere, but our nest will be feathered for us," and he tapped his breast pocket exultingly.

"Where we are going the child will recover more quickly. It is the very climate which the doctor recommends."

If he expected her to ask where this salubrious spot was situated, he was mistaken.

Her manner was anything but indifferent. It was plain that she was paying attention to every word he said, but her face was cold and stiff as a stone.

"Have you any further commands?" she inquired. Patient Griselda could have said no more, but her tone jarred on his ear.

"You speak like an automaton," he answered, angrily. "No, I have nothing more to say; it will be the easier to remember. At one o'clock I will be here with a large carriage, so that the child can lie at length. You will be sure to be ready by that time?"

"I shall be ready."

He went out without another word.

Living on Air.

A very distinct advantage about motoring is that it does not give one an appetite. Most open-air exercise sends one home as hungry as a hunter; and if one eats largely in these days of strict regime and restricted diet, all sorts of terrible things are sure to happen—at least are promised by the doctor. It is pointed out in a daily contemporary that while all the good effects of working up an appetite are produced by a long drive in a motor, yet the amount of food required to satisfy what seems to be one's huge hunger is actually very small. The air itself feeds one, and air neither upsets one's digestive apparatus nor does it supply one with adipose tissue.—London World.

Quarternary Bears.

The excavations for the underground railways of Paris has yielded a goodly array of additions to French archaeology, historic and scientific. Within the past few days the workmen came upon a mass of bones, evidently once forming the skeleton of some huge creature, and in an excellent state of preservation. Experts from the National Museum of Natural History carefully collected all the fragments, and have been able to reconstruct from them the almost complete skeleton of the bear of the quarternary epoch, the direct ancestor of the bear of our own time, but of at least twice the stature of the brown bears of to-day.

His New Study.

Mr. Jecklyns had just received from his youngest son, who was in his first year at college, a telegram to this effect: "Dear Father: I am about to take up a new study. Please send me \$25 to pay for the outfit." He answered it at once in this wise: "Dear John: What is the study?"

To the query came this rejoinder: "Dear Father: It is golf."—Youth's Companion.

Salmon Still Premier Fish.

Salmon continues to be the premier fish industry of British Columbia. In 1905 the output was 1,167,460 cases, valued at \$5,750,000. Over 11,000,000 salmon were required to fill the 50,000,000 cans, and it is estimated that an equal distribution among the entire population would have supplied 200 cans for every man, woman and child in the province.

## BITS OF NEWS

WASHINGTON.

Louis H. Van Riper testified in the "cotton leak" trial in regard to arrangements made with E. S. Holmes for furnishing advance information of crop reports.

The State Department summoned to Washington several diplomats from Central American posts with the idea of learning more about the political situation in those countries.

The Interstate Commerce Commission will investigate a report that the railroads have agreed to discriminate against the immigrants traveling westward.

The situation at Honduras is being handled at the State Department, where results are looked for.

Secretary of the Navy Metcalf entertained at dinner complimentary to Captain Oscar Dahl, commander of the Norwegian warship Harald Haarfagre.

The American Railway Company has filed suit to recover land set aside by the President's proclamation for the use of the Army and Navy.

OUR ADOPTED ISLANDS.

W. A. Jones, Bishop of Porto Rico, has granted authority to the Spanish colony, represented by Casion Espanol, to transfer the remains of Ponce de Leon, explorer and first Governor of Porto Rico, from the San Jose church to the cathedral.

The postoffice at the naval station at Guantanamo, Cuba, has been officially named Bagley, after Ensign Bagley, who was killed in the Spanish-American War.

Filipino newspapers at Manila are discussing the imminence of a Japanese war.

Emilio Aguinaldo, the Filipino military chieftain, is no longer under surveillance. He is running a shipyard near Manila, employs 150 men and is getting rich. He is only thirty-eight years old.

Orders have been received at Honolulu from the Quartermaster-General's office, at Washington, to double the capacity of the Army post.

DOMESTIC.

Herman Schaus discovered what he regards as a genuine Murrell painting in an old Pueblo mission in New Mexico.

It was announced that the State Board of Railroad Commissioners of Kansas had decided practically to issue an order putting a flat two-cent passenger fare into effect.

Colonel Henry Harrison Hale, a prominent Confederate veteran, a great-grandson of President William Henry Harrison and a second cousin of President Benjamin Harrison, died at Aiken, S. C., aged fifty-nine years.

Colonel Samuel P. Colt, at Providence, withdrew from the Rhode Island Senatorship contest.

Senator Foraker, in a speech at Wilberforce, Ohio, said that the dismissed negro soldiers were victims of an unprecedented injustice.

The International Chiefs of Police of America, meeting at Norfolk, elected as president Richard Sylvester, of Washington, D. C.

Ill health and a nervous breakdown are ascribed as the causes for the suicide of N. D. Cobin, one of the wealthiest residents of Macon, Ga.

L. F. Loree, president of the Delaware and Hudson Railroad Company, before Rutgers College graduates expressed his opinion that the republican form of government was slowly giving way to bureaucracy.

Because reflections had been cast upon her family, Miss Deaton, armed with a pistol and buggy whip, convinced Dr. J. L. Melvin on the streets at Overt, Miss.

Roscoe Scofield Burton, of Peoria, Ill., a student at the University of Michigan, was accidentally drowned while bathing in Bass Lake.

Mrs. John Herter, her sister, Mrs. Myer, and the latter's three children were drowned at Lake Sammamish, Washington.

William McMillen, a prisoner, jumped from a train at Barberton, Ohio, and had one leg cut off by the car wheels.

John Henry Kirby signed a bond at Austin, Texas, for \$3,500,000 in behalf of the Waters-Pierce Oil Company, now in the hands of a receiver.

## SCORES HOUSE OF LORDS

Campbell-Bannerman Offers Resolution Curtailing Its Powers.

An Effete Government Has Lost the Confidence of the People From Unpopular Measures.

London.—Premier Campbell-Bannerman moved his resolution advocating the curtailment of the power of the House of Lords before the fullest House of the session. The galleries also were crowded, those present in that part of the House including many peers who were anxious to observe the beginning of the attempt to reduce their power to control legislation.

The resolution was as follows: "That in order to give effect to the will of the people as expressed by their elected representatives, it is necessary that the power of the other House to alter or reject bills passed by this House should be so restricted by law as to secure that within the limits of a single Parliament the final decision of the House of Commons shall prevail."

Replying to a question, the Premier said it was not proposed that the resolution dealing with the House of Lords should be moved in the House after its discussion in the House of Commons had been completed. He emphasized the fact that the resolution embodied the principle of the predominance of the House of Commons, and said that in adopting this course they were following certain historic precedents.

The resolution, even if carried, would not have the effect of law or procure the desired results. A bill would be necessary, and the Government would exercise its discretion as to when it should be introduced. His Majesty's Ministers now only desired to test the opinion of the House and make sure that they had the House of Commons behind them. They held the view that if this authority was given to the House of Commons, it would be authorized to express the country's sentiments. The Premier declared that the only course open was to recognize ungrudgingly the constitutional authority which resided in the House of Commons.

Amid loud Ministerial cheers the Premier protested that if the authority of the House of Commons was to be reduced it followed that representative institutions must take secondary place. The Government, he added, proposed that provision should be made for conferences between the House of Commons and the House of Lords when differences arose between them. The agreement reached by the bill should be reintroduced and sent to the House of Lords with a declaration that, should a second conference fail to result in an agreement, the House of Commons would pass the bill over the heads of the Lords.

Continuing, the Premier said the present Government believed that the reduction of the period of existence of a Parliament to five years would effectively prevent "an effete Government which had lost the country's confidence from forcing through unpopular and improper measures."

LIVE WIRES KILL FOUR.

Boiler They Were Moving Touched Strands and Was Charged.

New York City.—Four men were killed and several injured at the Proctor & Gamble soap works at Westchester and Richmond ter. When the Harbor Station Island, where a live electric wire came in contact with a boiler that was being moved out of the works on a flat car.

A donkey boiler and a hoisting engine which have been used were loaded on a flat car to be sent to the Milliken Iron Works over the Baldwinsville Harbor Station Island.

When the men pushing the flat car out into Western avenue, the boiler is seventeen feet high, and when the car rolled into the street it was going at a good rate of speed with the men pushing behind it. The smokestack struck the wire. The current passed down the boiler and caught the men, throwing them more than twenty feet.

William Corey and his son, William, Jr., were killed instantly, as were two Italians. Patrick Bradley, of West Brighton, and several Italians were injured.

WOMEN PREFER PRISON.

Lynchers in Illinois Demand Punishment of "Bad Man."

St. Louis, Mo.—Five mothers from Assumption, Ill., and one girl of seventeen are in jail at Taylorville, six teen miles from their homes, and are determined to stay there until the morality of their town is vindicated. They sent this message to their husbands and relatives:

"Do not come to us; do not try to get bond for us until you have driven that bad man away."

The "bad man" is Alfred Bourland, whom the six women, led by his alleged wife, Eugene, believed he was a bigamist. They must remain in jail a year if they refuse to accept bond.

Why Cows Should Be Tested.

The Department of Agriculture announced that a milk cow often gives out 37,000,000 tuberculosis germs a day and said all cows should be tested with tuberculin.

Orchard Trial Adjourned.

Harry Orchard was taken from Boise to Caldwell, Idaho, where his trial for the actual murder of former Governor Steunenberg was formally adjourned until after the trials of Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone.

Enlistment's Body Found.

The body of Lieutenant Caulfield, one of the officers who made a balloon ascension at Aldershot, England, on May 28, was found in the sea off Weymouth.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR JULY 21 BY THE REV. I. W. HENDERSON.

Subject: The Ten Commandments, Duties Toward Men, Ex. 20:12-17—Golden Text: Lev. 19:18—Memory Verses, 12-17.

The commandments that impress upon us our duties toward humanity are the corollaries of the commandments that tell us of our obligations toward God. We are ordered to have a lasting love and reverence for God not only because it is a good thing to love God for His own sake, but also because it is necessary that we shall be ready to learn from Him how He desires His children to be treated. This lesson deals with our relationships to men, individually and collectively, in the light of our allegiance to God.

The fifth command, which enjoins proper respect to our earthly parents, is the basis upon which all social life is reared. The sense of authority in the home and of obedience to parental control supplies the ground upon which all sane and sound civil governments rest. It rests, to be sure, on other principles. But it rests hard on this. And the willingness upon the part of the child to yield obedience to the authority of the parent implies that the parent shall be wise and sensible and intelligent, a control fashioned after the sovereignty which God exercises in the world and over humanity. An obedient child presupposes a parent who is worthy to be obeyed. And many times parents lose sight of this utter. A child cannot be expected to obey an unreasonable parent. We are under no obligation to have respect for parents who have no respect for themselves. God does not call upon a child to have love for a parent, in filial fashion, who renders no need of love to the child that parent has brought into this world. A child is not called upon to stifle its own individuality and conform itself to the parental pattern in every minute detail of its life. And yet some people seem to think that their children are not honoring them simply because they refuse to be run into a prearranged family mold. Honoring one's parents does not consist in allowing them to order one to do wrong, or in unreasonable things. Honor to one's parents consists in giving them due and careful obedience along every line that properly belongs to a parent's rights. And most of all it entails upon the part of the parent that he or she, as the case may be, shall be worthy to honor and wise and intelligent in the matter of commandment and control.

"Thou shalt not kill" enjoins the sixth commandment. And you must not only not kill your brother, but also you must not take your brother's life. It further means that the nations shall cease international murder and that civil government shall cease to execute human beings, no matter what their crimes may have been. It means also that it is murder to sell adulterated medicine, to work whisky or any other poison, to sell men and women and children to death, or to be a party to any form of murder, be it long or short in its action, be it refined or vicious.

The seventh commandment is especially in need of enforcement. No one who is at all solicitous about the welfare of this country can contemplate the present state of our national life without a feeling of profound fear for the harvest that sooner or later we shall reap as a nation except we are able to put a stop to the criminality that is rampant in our midst. Humanity cannot long trifle with the highest and noblest relations of human life without reaping the whirlwind. The divorce record of America is America's disgrace. Her record of remarriages of men and women who, in the eyes of God and a decent society, are not entitled to remarry is America's shame. And these twin evils are a menace to the health and perpetuity of the nation.

Some very eminent gentlemen—some of whom rest pews in high-toned churches and who are among the officers of the organized church of Jesus Christ—are to-day under the condemnation of the eighth commandment. For stealing may be variously committed. It is not necessary to become a common pickpocket in order to be a common thief. It is not necessary to lay one's self open to conviction under the provisions of the penal code in order to be a robber of the vilest type. The worst criminals in this land to-day are the ones who are out on bail.

The ninth word of God to Moses and Israel hits the liars. And the liars are among the meanest people in the world and among those who are denied entrance into the new Jerusalem of God. The liar is one of the most heinous of sinners with which humanity is called upon to deal. You may count on an honest man, but a liar is an unknown quantity. And lying is a habit. Rather I should say it tends to become a habit. One lie invites another. And the worst destroyer of integrity of the liar that he doesn't know what he honestly thinks or what the truth really is composed of.

The people who are indicated by the tenth commandment are among the world's unfortunates. They are the victims of intense jealousy. It falls into its grasp. God help the people who are bitten with the venom sting of jealousy. They are indeed cursed.

Big Meal Burst Stomach.

Carl Schuster, a young German, reached Indianapolis, Ind., from Canton, O., and he brought with him such a ravenous appetite that he literally ate himself to death. He completed a tremendous meal, the complainant of intense pain at his stomach, and a physician was hastily summoned, but in a few moments he died. An autopsy on the eaten that Schuster might have eaten something poisoned, was held by the coroner, but, instead, he found a long rupture of the stomach, which had caused the death. The coroner found that the deceased had eaten so heartily that his stomach had burst.

Germany Leases Kentucky Farm.

The farm of William Fields, near Lexington, Ky., containing 140 acres, has been leased with option to purchase in one year by Dr. Frank Friedberg, president of the German Government, and horses bought in various parts of the country will be trained and thoroughly equipped for army service before being shipped to Germany.

It Rained Two Tons of Fish.

This weird story comes from Independence, Mo.: "About two tons of fish fell during a heavy storm here. They clogged the sewer catch-basins, flooding the sidewalks."



GREATHEART'S HEAVEN.

Said Sir Greatheart to his angel, "I can dig and cleave and hew, Build me navies, cities, kingdoms, as I will; You dominion lost in Eden now is well-nigh won anew, And I'll hold the earth and sea my vassals still."

"Yet thou wishest rest me of Heaven, with its music and its peace— What have these to do with men at clanging noon? Let the psalms be for the weary, for the devoted have ceased, But for me thy summons cometh over soon."

"With my works I praise my Maker, ships and bridges are my song, And for harps, a thousand thousand engines beat, As I hew the iron highways in the clouds the cliffs along, Or let in on bison-ranges seas of wheat."

"Aye, and give me but to-morrow, and I'll show thee what I've done, One to-morrow, and I'll flaunt me high in air, Till the eagle lags below me, and the thunder-wheels that roll are gone, Now but run, through the skies my ships shall bear."

"But what's left to venture yonder, in that limited world and time, What's to win that still may challenge courage stern? Do they take their manhood with them when they leave their home, Heaven's true; but not at noon was thither turn."

And the angel said: "At bedtime please the child among his blocks, 'Wait a bit, I build a castle tall and strong! Thou bridge-builder, whom the spider mimics in his flying cables' work, This art thy Heaven is only rest and song."

Smashes the Idols.

"Our life and service will be enriched beyond telling by encountering Christ. This, of course, involves the breaking of all our idols, for He will not share His throne with any."

"When Mahmood, the conqueror of India, had taken the city of Gujarat he proceeded, as was his custom, to destroy the idols. There was one fifteen feet high which his priests and devotees begged him to spare. He was deaf to their entreaties and striking a hammer he struck it one blow, when to his amazement, from the shattered image there rained down at his feet a shower of gems, pearls and diamonds—treasure of fabulous value, which had been hidden within it. Had he spared the idol he would have lost all the wealth. Let us not spare our idols. It is to our interest to demolish them. If we shatter them there will rain about our hearts the very treasures of Heaven, the gifts and graces of the Holy Spirit; but if we spare our idol we will miss riches uncounted."

"The consecrated life is a Christ-centered life, the only true centered life; every other life is eccentric; yet how often do we hear worldly people criticizing some devoted spirit-filled man or woman as 'so eccentric,' simply because of their loyalty to Christ. Remember, when all the while it is these critics that are 'eccentric'—off the true centre."—Rev. John MacNeill.

Complete Insulation.

The electrician cannot charge your body with electricity while a single thread connects you with the ground and breaks the completeness of your insulation. The Lord Jesus cannot devote himself to you unless you are fully insulated from the world and Him. He has that one last thing, the last barrier and film to a life of blessedness, and glory will come, filling your soul.—Rev. F. B. Meyer.

God's Recompense.

"O right and God's recompense to you will be the power of doing more right. Give, and God's reward will be the spirit of giving more, a blessed spirit, for it is the spirit of God Himself, whose life is the blessedness of giving. Love and God will pay you with the capacity of more love for love is Heaven, love is God within you.—F. W. Robertson.

Growth Through Resistance.

We cannot explain fully the use of temptation and trial. But we do know this, that the strongest and sweetest Christian characters have come to be what they are through great tribulations. The oak tree, when storm comes, only clings the tighter to the earth—sense its roots are in a larger growth. The storms did not make the tree do this, but the tree did it to resist the storms.

Obedience to the Uttermost.

Believe in God; trust God by obedience to the uttermost; trust Him for a way when there is no way, for light when there is only sorrow, for life when you are in the midst of death, then you will find at last that faith is not only righteousness, but life and joy and peace.—T. T. Munger.